

G. H. TAYLOR, PRINTER.

Published every Tuesday.

TERMS.

If paid within three months, 3. 00
If paid within three months after the close of the year, 4. 50
If not paid within that time, 4. 00
A company of six persons taking the paper at the same Post Office, shall be entitled to it at \$15, paid in advance, and a company of ten persons at \$20; provided the names be forwarded together, accompanied by the money.

No paper to be discontinued but at the option of the Editor till arrangements are paid.
Advertisements inserted for 75 cents per square the first time; and 37½ for each subsequent insertion.

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THE MASK AND THE TRUTH.

James was a brave boy, who possessed that true courage which enabled him to bear the sneers and ridicule of his companions rather than do wrong. He was affectionate and obliging, so that he was beloved by his fellows, and always had their good will, except when his regard for truth brought them into difficulty.

One afternoon, in school, he obtained leave to speak about his lesson, and went to his friend Henry. As he seated himself at Henry's desk, he was much amused, and almost laughed aloud, for he found him at work on a half of a cocoa nut shell, cutting out eyes, nose and mouth, and with ink representing hair, eyebrows, and huge whiskers, making on the whole a most ludicrous figure. After some conversation about that and his lesson, he returned to his seat.

At night the boys were playing round their school house; and in the midst of their sport Henry produced this image, which brought forth a shout of laughter from all, and much praise of his ingenuity and skill.

Within an hour the boys dispersed, and James, Henry, and two others walked together for some distance, till they came to a lane where James left them. As he turned round the corner, he heard one of them say, in a loud tone; "Oh, Henry, I'll tell you of what we will do with this—this is an excellent plan; to-morrow morning—"

This was all that James heard, and as he walked on, he wondered what the plan could be.

The next morning, on his way to school, he was thinking of the same thing; and as he turned the corner of the lane, which brought the school house to view, he saw one of the boys put his head from the door and look towards him; he immediately went in again; but soon another came, and another, as though they were anxiously expecting some one. James suspected they were engaged in some frolic, and when within five rods of the house, a boy's head again appeared at the door, and was instantly withdrawn, with the exclamation, "He is coming! he is coming!" which repeated by a dozen voices in the room, and immediately followed by a noisy scampering, jumping from desks, overturning of benches, and the rushing of twenty boys, from the door, who disappeared behind the school house. James looked round and saw the master coming. He then ran hastily after the boys, and as he approached them he heard one say, "Now, don't let any of us tell who did it: don't say a word about it."

"Tell! no, indeed," said an older boy, "who do you think would be such a fool as to tell?"

"What is the fun now?" said James; but every one was so much engaged that he took no notice of him; and the only answer he could get was, "You will see soon."

The boys went tardily to school; some in a grave and sober manner, others vainly trying to conceal their glee, while the more innocent were an open, laughing countenance. As James was looking round the room to learn the cause of this, his eyes fell upon the stove pipe, where he saw Henry's ludicrous image grinning at the whole school. The master noticed the disturbance, saw the cause of it, and placed it in his desk. He appeared displeased, but said nothing about it till night, when he stopped the school.

"Boys," said he "I wish to know something about this mask, which produced so much disturbance this morning. Whoever hung it up did wrong, and he knew that it was wrong. His object was to draw your attention from your studies, and thus to promote disorder; and he deserves to be punished. Now the course I shall pursue is this: if I can learn who did it, I shall punish him severely, for he deserves it: he undoubtedly did this for the sake of making disturbance, and interrupting the regular business of the school. And this thing ought not to pass by unnoticed; some one is much to blame—I like to see you happy, and enjoying your sports, but not when it is time for study. I wish the boy who did it would rise."

He waited a moment, but no one rose. He then said, "I shall now question you all individually in regard to it; but fear that same of you will lie about it. I am afraid that some of you (I do not think that all will) but I am afraid that some of you will say that you know nothing about it, when you do; that you did not do it yourself, when you did. Now I wish you to consider beforehand, what it is to lie; remember that God has forbidden it, and that he is present and will know all you say."

He then began at one of the desks with a large boy: "John, you may rise."

He rose.

"Did you hang that up, John?" "No, Sir."

"Did you make it?" "No, Sir."

"Do you know any thing about it?" "No, Sir."

He questioned several in the same manner, who gave him similar answers; and soon he came to Joseph.

"Joseph, did you make that?" "No, Sir."

"Do you know who did it?" "No, Sir," said he, hesitatingly: "Do you know who hung it up?" "No, Sir," said he, coloring deeply. "Well, do you know any thing about it whatever?"

"No, Sir, I don't know that I do," said he, coloring still more deeply.

"Oh, Joseph, I am sorry to see that: I do not believe you have told the truth, but I will not press you further."

He then questioned several others, and came to James.

"James, you may rise. Did you make that James?" "No, Sir."

"Did you hang it up?" "No, Sir."

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will tell you what I intend to do: You know already, from what I have just said, how I feel in regard to God, and my accountability to him; and I intend always to speak the truth. I suppose that many of you will be angry with me, and call me a tell tale, and all kinds of names; but that I shall not mind. I shall be sorry, indeed, for I wish your friendship very much; but I cannot lie to obtain it. So long as you only call me names, I shall bear it patiently; but I will not be thumped about by any of you. To-night one of you kicked my hat, and another punched me in my side; that is all well, and is forgiven; but I shall not suffer any thing more of this kind. I shall certainly flog the first one who does it; I can do it, and I will. And I believe it is right; I believe God will allow me to defend myself, if necessary, when I do my duty. This is what I shall do. I shall tell the truth and if you are angry with me I shall be sorry, and bear it patiently, so long as you do not abuse me but the moment you do any thing of that kind, I will surely flog you."

So saying, he turned away from all and walked home.—*London Family Mag.*

THE SAILOR AND THE STUDENT.

A few years since, I was travelling to the eastward, with my daughter, to see my relatives, from whom I had for some years been absent; the stage stopped in Providence, Rhode Island, when an additional traveller took his passage with us. He was a sea-faring man, about thirty years of age, and neatly dressed in the sailor's habit. In a short time we became social, and engaged in conversation with each other. He appeared intelligent, and his narratives of his voyages were interesting, as he had seen much of the world. He had been on board the Admiral's ship in the great naval battle with the French Fleet, and was near Lord Nelson when he received his mortal wound, having been pressed into the service. It was not long before he began to use very profane language; and, as a professor of religion, I thought it my duty to show him the wickedness, and impropriety of such language, and resolved, on the utterance of the next oath, to begin with him. Accordingly, as he was using an improper expression, I looked him in the face, and kindly chided him for his language. He immediately replied, "Oh, we sailors are accustomed to it, and don't mind swearing." I replied, it increased their criminality, by proceeding in that course until it became a habit. He then appeared very angry at the reproach, which was as tenderly given as I could possibly make it. I then told him I saw he was displeased, and he and I would cease conversing with each other, unless he promised me he would keep his temper, and be friendly. He immediately consented; and I then took an opportunity of introducing the subject of religion. I heard not a word of profane language from him after this, he was very friendly, and I took the liberty to recommend him to several religious authors, which I wished him to read, and as one of the best, next to the Bible, Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the soul; a work which had been of great advantage to myself when under serious impressions before I yielded myself up to God, and became a member of the Church.

By this time we were on the most friendly terms. When we arrived at the place for dining, at the table, I showed him every mark of attention, and treated him as if a guest at my own table. He appeared much affected with the attention paid him by myself and daughter. As soon as we rose from the table he immediately disappeared, and in a short time we saw him at some distance running, to meet the stage, before it started, with a quantity of cakes, oranges, &c. in his neat and clean bandanna handkerchief, which he immediately lavished on my daughter and myself, and would take no apology for our non-reception of them.

We reached Boston, where I was to leave him to proceed on his journey to his father's in Maine, and as we parted he put his hand on my knee, and with tears, said he was sorry I was not going father with him. He had five hundred dollars with him, which he received as prize money, and said he would be able to give some assistance to his father, and family, and get into some business that he need not leave him again, by going to sea. The writer, from the evident good effect produced on the mind of the sailor would say to his christian brethren "be kind and tender-hearted, and God may bless your design, in bringing others to 'taste and see that the Lord is good.'"

During the conversation with the sailor, a young gentleman, a student at one of the Colleges, on a visit to Boston to his father's, sat before me with his head in a position that I did not see his face, who appeared totally indifferent to the subject of our conversation. I then had not the most distant idea that we should ever meet again—but God in his providence brought him once more into my company, and afforded me much pleasure, in a religious intercourse with him, in the following manner. A few years after our journey to Boston, a gentleman came into my store and introduced himself to me; and as I had no recollection of him, he reminded me of the incident of the sailor, and stated that he was the young man who was our fellow passenger at the time, and that he had now come to Philadelphia to study Divinity with the Rev. D. S. ——. I asked him when he be-

came seriously impressed on the subject of religion, he replied that it was in the stage during my conversation with the sailor. He had reached home on Saturday evening, and the next day being Sabbath, he thought he would not go out to church, as he was fatigued, or for some other excuse. During his stay at home he saw on the shelf a book; which on taking down proved to be Doddridge's Rise and Progress, the book he had heard me recommend to the sailor—he read it, and was deeply impressed and benefited by it. Doubtless God made this work, in the hands of the Spirit, a great help to this young gentleman in his inquiry after Divine truth. The evening of the day, I had the pleasure of seeing him, I invited him to one of our prayer meetings, which gave an opportunity of requesting him to take a part in conducting the exercise—he read a Psalm, and made some pleasing reflections on the subject, to the edification of those present.—When I last heard from him he was preaching the Gospel somewhere in Massachusetts; and I trust he is an able teacher of the doctrines of Christ, among his Baptist brethren, as he was of that denomination. It would afford the writer great pleasure if I could again hear from him or his other fellow traveller.

Thus the Lord blessed a casual conversation in a stage coach to an individual to whom it was not directed, and an encouragement is thus held out to Christians to be always ready to speak a word for God.— W.

THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Feb. xi. 13. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth."

A clergyman having occasion to wait on the late Princess Charlotte, was thus addressed by her:—"Sir, I understand you are a clergyman." "Yes," "Permit me to ask your opinion, sir, what is that makes a death bed easy?" Mr. W. was startled at so serious a question from a young & blooming female of so high a rank, and modestly expressed his surprise that she should consult him, when she had access to many much more capable of answering the inquiry. She replied that she had proposed it to many, and wished to collect various opinions on this important subject. Mr. W. then felt it his duty to be explicit, and affectionately recommended to her the study of the Scriptures, which, as he stated, uniformly represent faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only means to make a death bed easy. "Ah!" said she, bursting into tears, "but what my grandfather often told me; and then he used to add, that beside reading the Bible, I must pray for the Holy Spirit to understand the meaning."

Charlotte was daughter of George IV., and heiress to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, was born in 1795, and died Nov. 6, 1817, aged 22. She was married to Leopold, prince of Saxe-Coburg; and her untimely death, in connection with that of her infant child, clothed the nation in mourning, changed the succession of the throne, and drew forth among other able funeral discourses, one by the Rev. Robert Hall, which is a master piece of eloquence, probably never equalled on any similar occasion.

When informed of the death of her child a little before her own, she said, "I feel it as a mother naturally should," adding, "It is the will of God! praise to him in all things." Mr. Hall mentions as traits of her character, "that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those who weep; that she surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms, but she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly with God." This is the fruit which survives when the flower withers—the only ornaments and treasures we can carry into eternity.

"Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour."

THE LAST PARTING.

At the faint low call, the sister clasps the hand of a brother, and stands listening to his dying words.

Sweet sister! the hour has come! I must leave you now, an orphan, without a sister's smiles, soon to be brotherless and alone. I would that I could stay, even in this vain world, and cheer that heart of thine, and ease thee down to death. O, that I could stay, and snail with thee o'er life's rough sea; partake in all thy sorrows, griefs, and joys. Alas! heaven decrees, and I must quit this mortal for immortality. But why do I murmur, why regret to leave thee? Is there no support in a Saviour's arm? and will He who has been your consolation in six troubles, forsake thee now, in this, the seventh? Why do I regret to leave thee? though young, I know that all earth's joys are like the glitter of the morning dew."

Why do I regret to leave thee? Ah! full well I know, that they who are your friends to-day, to-morrow may be worse than enemies—and you forsaken and alone, may wander without a friend, forced to exclaim, "Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself, And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!"

This is why I would not leave thee; I would tarry a day or two, until that sweet spirit of thine has passed from worldly cares; for who will caress thee when this heart is cold?

I would linger yet a little season, and join in holy song around our altar of devotion, until pure heaven should catch the simple strain, and, having pity on an orphan child, take thee to a better home. But I must leave you sister, I feel it here upon my heart;

caress me once again as you were wont to do; now wipe away this cold sweat upon my brow, and let me die; farewell, sweet sister—a long farewell.

Wesleyan Seminary, Wilbraham, Mass.
—New York Weekly Messenger.

FROM THE LUTHERAN OBSERVER.

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S WIFE.

Mr. S. practised the virtue of hospitality to a great extent and seldom a week passed without one or more strangers in the house. His sociable character and high standing in the church have rendered his house a common stopping place for all ministers who travel our road. Students and all, usually resort to the parsonage, so that my acquaintance with ministers is pretty extensive. They present a wonderful variety of personal habits, some of which are to be admired and others to be severely censured. I usually judge of the character of a minister's wife from his habits, and I think it is a good criterion. If he is neat in his dress, polite in his manners, sedulous to please, anxious to save trouble to his host, and contented with his fare, I conclude that he has an excellent household at home; but if he is coarse and rude, and unshaven for several days, & full of dolorous complaints; if he splashes water on the wall and floor about the wash stand in his chamber, and seems dissatisfied because there is no fresh meat on the table, I infer that he has a slattern for a wife, and that he has been raised on dried apples and Dutch cheese! Many characters of both descriptions have sojourned at our house. There was formerly one frequent visitor, who, until I cured him, had the disgusting habit of disgorging the tobacco colored contents of his capacious mouth on my carpet—it was wrought with my own hands and particularly dear. At first I gave the spit-box a gentle touch, but he would not take the hint. It became intolerable; and when I observed that his jaws were distending with the salivary secretion, and that a copious shower was near at hand, I hastily seized the box and held it close up to his mouth just in time to receive the enormous discharge. It did not offend him, for he was a good-natured man; but he had the impudence to tell me, that the juice of tobacco brought out the colors of my carpet more brilliantly! He never did it again. Amongst the young men who visited us there was one who often spoken of the qualifications of a minister's wife, and who was racing up and down the country in search of a living representation of his runaway fancy. He one day said that there were but three minister's wives who were what they ought to be! I instantly rejoined, "I presume, then, that you are acquainted with all the minister's wives in the country, or how could you have the boldness to make such an assertion?" The youth was mute, for his acquaintance was extremely limited. He afterwards qualified his speeches, and my reproval will, no doubt, be of advantage to him all his life.

I will never forget a circumstance that occurred at our house, which effectually cured a young person of the impolite habit, so common, of tilting the chair back against the wall, and putting his feet on the cross sticks. It is an awkward, slovenly, and indecent posture. One day our visitor was so near the wall as he thought, and tilting back, down he went, smashing a pot of milk I had set near the stove to thicken, nearly annihilating one cat that was lying there, and so frightening another as to cause her to rush out of the room through a broken pane of glass that I had mended with paper. The squeaking cat, the broken jar, with its contents bespattered all over the clothes and face of the "fallen hero," his convulsive struggles to rise, and the noise of his scrambling, besides his indescribable appearance, presented a most ludicrous scene. And yet he bore all with much patience. He at length rose, and very gravely began to scrape off the white material from his coat that had been black, and being somewhat of a wit, dryly remarked that he was studying the name of the "milky way," but that he would rather have this half-elaborated Schmeer Keks on his bread, than on his back. He at length grew impatient of our unceasing jokes, and half angry, half jesting, he retorted, that he never saw such a house, "it had not a room that would hold a cat, or a chair that would hold a man!" He was cured, however, of his evil habit of tilting his chair, for this adventure always occurred to his mind.

I dislike to see clergymen guilty of these indecorous practices. I know several who are always scraping their nails, or picking the skin off their hands, or an important organ of their face, or snuffing it up with a noise very much resembling that occasioned by turning the spigot of a steam engine. A few years dreadfully and clear their throats, as if they were full of bran, and put their feet on a neighboring chair as if cat paws were too good or not good enough. But there are others, and many too, who are over-punctilious—they are extra-polite, but they are still the most agreeable visitors. When they leave the house, you have no chairs to wash, and no tobacco spots to wipe up,—no carpets to sweep, and no wishes for a long absence to express.

Marriage Festivities in China.—Marriage is one of the few occasions when the Chinese, departing from their usual quiet habits, exert every effort to make a dazzling display. In aid of this object, presents are poured in by the neighbours. To the bridegroom's father are sent tables, geese, wine, and other materials of good cheer. The bride receives pins, bracelets, rouge and cosmetics. When the important hour arrives, the lady enters a splendid sedan-chair, or rather pavilion, while numerous attendants, some bearing her clothes and ornaments, others displaying flags and costly lanterns, while a third party are performing on musical instruments, fill the streets and attract

a crowd of spectators. On their arrival at the house, the bridegroom, who waits at the door richly attired opens the chair, and beholds for the first time her who is to be his companion for life. Not a few, it is said, misled by flattering reports, are struck with dismay at the sight, and the moment which is hailed with so much joy by all around is to them one of deep distress. Some, it is added, even shut the door, and insist upon the bride being carried back, willing to forfeit all the expenses of courtship. In ordinary cases, the lady having been borne by two of her maids over a dsh of fire placed at the door, she and the bridegroom proceed to an inner apartment, where they make four bows, and mutually pledge each other in three cups. This is considered as constituting the essential part of the marriage ceremony, and the couple are now irrevocably united. They then go out and join their friends, who spend the evening in celebrating the joyful occasion.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

RURAL ECONOMY.

From the New York Farmer.

GREAT SALE OF DURHAM CATTLE.

Mr. Minor—Sir—Being an admirer as well as a breeder of the "Improved Durham Short Horned" Cattle, I attended the late public sale of J. Hare Powell's celebrated stock, consisting of bulls, cows and heifers, in all twenty-five, from eight days to ten years of age.

The animals were turned on to his lawn, in front of his mansion, and seemed conscious of their superiority, as they moved about with all the majesty imaginable. They were in fine condition; and showed off to the best advantage.